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The Alpena Magnetic Spring Company Heg leave to announce to the public that their new Bath House is now open to all. The water of this Spring is very powerful, and many remarkable cures have been effected by its nee. It cures many diseases of the Sain, Sciattea, Rheumatis. (chronic and inflammatory, Paralysis, Eryspiesse, Dyspessis, Kidney Complaint, Neuraligia and all nervous diseases. Note who are affected need dispar? Let all come and see for themselves. Cures are being performed every day which are truly wonderful. Bath House open from 7 A. M. untils P. M. during the week, and from 6 to 10 A. M. on Sundays. W.M. J., R.CE, M. D.,

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VOLUME I.

ALPENA, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, JULY 6, 1871.

NUMBER 2.

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The day is gone, I've walked since morn, O'er paths so rough and steep, That I have often weary grown,;

But dared not go to sleep. For o'er the loved ones by my side A strict watch I would keep, Not knowing what ills might betide If I should fall saleep.

But now the night is coming on, Its shadows o'er me creep ; My hopes, my fears, my strength is gone, And now, now I must sleep.

And looking back o'er duty's path, I see no cause to weep,
And to my leved ones I would say, Mourn not, if now I sleep.

I've painted out for you to shun Each pitfall, dark or deep ; Keep well my precepts, then you'll walk With safety, though I sleep

That alumber, long and deep, For after such a toilsome day It will be sweet to sleep. You need not now my sheltering form When rough winds o'er you sweep, So, dearly leved ones, lay me down,

It matters not when o'er me steals

And let me go to sleep. And when above this weary heart The earth lies, cold and deep, Pause calmly there and thank our God For my long, quiet sleep.

On An Iceberg.

I was once summoned home from the water as it poured into her. ny travels on the Continent by very important news. There was no time to lose in getting back, so I went as her fate. The groaning of her parting fast as I could to Havre, and took the timbers sounded like a human voice first ship that sailed for New York .- the voice of one in agony. It was in the month of June, which I

away altogether.

For an entire day we lay becalmed, mass of ice. with the ship tossing lazily over the nately the wind, the waves, the sky, earthly sounds forever.

the sun, the ship, and his own eyes. This did not help the matter at all, a mere calm were in store for us .- with the tempest howling around, and During the night a fog came on, and the sense of horror at the fate of my when we arose in the morning it had companions, it was wonderful that Bill Heads, closed in all around us with a density through the accumulated terrors of that I had never seen equaled.

Here was a pretty situation. A dead calm, a smooth sea, and not a trial. breath of wind. I blamed myself a Envelopes, thousand times for not going on to Liverpool and taking another steamer.

However, there was no resource but the ice. patience. Patient we had to be.

whether we liked it or not. In the middle of the following day, however, we felt a slight breath of all the recollection of my situation. air. It was the first breath of a glorious wind which now again was blowing favorably as before. Through the day it increased, blowing stronger thing I cast a look around. every hour, until, when I went to bed.

I retired with a pleasing thought that er. every hour carried me ten miles nearer to my home. I slept soundly. But suddenly, at about three o'clock in the morning, as far as I can recollect, I was awakened by a sudden crash which sounded like thunder to

my half-aroused senses, and seemed to there was a single ve tige of the illshake the ship to pieces. In a moment I was out of my berth

and up on the deck. Great Heaven! what a spectacle there met my gaze!

All around was the blackness of I was standing upon a broad surface darkness. The wind was howling of ice nearly half an acre in extent. fiercely through the rigging. The It was smooth and slippery as glass. sailors were running wildly to and fro. It was nearly level. I was at the The captain was standing like a man lower end of it, and had been stopped paralyzed, and shouting, while he by a high wall against which I had wrung his hands, 'We're lost! we're stuck.

lost !

I leaped from the forecastle.

deafening noise into the ocean. What was it? Was it the rocky coast of Newfoundland? or was it lonely rock in the middle ocean?

It was neither. I soon knew all. It was a vast iceberg!

The ice itself was not colder than the chill that rushed through every nerve as this appalling thought burst upon my mind. Then in one moment an utter sense of ruin, of hopeless dessolation, took away my faculties.

But there was no time to lose, nor was there time even to mourn. For the ship, acted upon by the long roiling waves of the Atlantic, was driving with fearful violence full against the enormous mass. I heard the of her timbers-I heard the rush of tion, but my feet were frozen.

The ship seemed alive, struggling like some drowning wretch to avert

A mighty wave of gigantic size now considered the most pleasant month lifted the quivering mass high into the in the year to cross the Atlantic; and air. Retreating backward it bore its though I found after leaving that my load away from the iceberg for some ship was an old and leaky concern, yet considerable distance, but only to hurl can but die. To stay here will be to I did not feel any very great anxiety. it back with more tremendous force. We went on for several days, and Returning with re-doubled power it as we were favored with a fine breeze, flung the ship headlong against the enperfectly fair, we made very rapid ormous mass. I, who was standing on will drive me mad. I will go.' progress, and soon came within the the prow, was thrown as though I was region of the banks of Newfoundland. a straw,off from the ship entirely. I fell But here a stop was put upon our prostrate and almost senseless upon progress. On the second day after the iceberg, on a declining surface we arrived on this spot the wind died along which I shot for a long distance, until I was stopped by an upright went bravely on.

All around me I heard a burst of huge ocean surges. All hands grew fearful sound-a sound of crashing impatient. Our captain, who had timbers, falling masts, roaring waters, been in high glee at our quick pro- crumbling masses of ice, and howling went on. gress, and had expected by this time winds, while high and distinct above to be sailing into New York Harbor, them all arose a shrill wail of human now lost his patience, and spent the agony which shall never be forgotten now the summit is near. It is gained greater part of time in cursing alter- by me, until my ear is closed to all

'Misericorde !' Alone there in the thick darkness, however. In fact, worse things than clinging to the mass of ice before me, that fearful moment my mind passed without failing beneath the unequal ica. I saw the tumult, the hurry, the

'Miserie orde !' I too exclaimed the last word of my companions, and sank senseless upon

How long I lay I know not. It could not have been less than an hour, but at last sense returned, and with it

I rose to my feet painfully. I was first aware of my own physical condition. Yet before doing any

The fog had cleared away altogeth The broad expanse of ocean lay be

fore me, its deep blue surface reflect ing the gorgeous rays of the sun which was just rising. There was not a breath of wind, and the sea was as un ruffled as a mountain lake.

I cast a glance downward to see it

fated ship. Alas! not a single vestige could b seen. Not a plank-not even a chip

floating upon the water. I only-1 only had escaped to tell the tale.

The iceberg was of the most col-I spoke not a word to any one, but lossal magnitude and grandeur. At quickly and nimbly, as a cat, I leaped the side of the slippery surface where down from the quarter-deck on to the I stood it went sheer down perpendicpoop deck and rushed forward. It ularly into the sea. But its edge exwas so intensely dark and thick that I tended away on either side for an imhind me it ascended far into the air. punished at last.

Then a sight of horror burst upon series of terraces, until at last far mother, who had been Fanny Orchard High before me, extending out of the clouds. The terraces were both her father and his watch. But her handkerchief in the street to wipe sight, was a vast precipice-appearing regular and even. At intervals along in the darkness to be of immeasurable the ascent arose towers and pinnacles. proportions. And at this the ship was and upon the topmost point a vast crashing and pounding. At each spire of glittering ice shot up straight stroke of the ship huge masses came into the skies for at least a hundred thundering down, and falling with feet. Seen from a distance it looked like some glorious city, some magnificent capital such as we read of in the fantastic story of the Arabian dream-

myself.

me. As it was, my hands and feet doctor sent for. were perfectly numb.

I rubbed my hands violently, struck The violent exertion brought warmth was the end. into my system. My hands began at crashing ice-I heard the shattering length to have something like sensa- the head never lifted from the pillow.

despair upon my situation.

There was no hope for me! I could see all around. Not a sail den by the lofty island of ice.

In a moment my resolution was 'I will go there,' I said, aloud. 'I perish slowly. To go there will be to the day after the funeral. seek a chance for life. Moreover, it

And go I did. I set forth boldly. and mounted terrace after terrace as I went along on a journey such as no mortal man has ever undertaken .-

Deep chasms itercepted me-awful precipices rose before me. My footstep disturbed immense masses of ice. which came crashing down, yet still I What will not hope make a man do

lofty pinnacle-alone on my vast iceberg! Alone! Oh, what is that upon the

ocean ? Never before was the presence of man so dear to his despairing fellow. There, not a mile from me, was the

passing by on the course toward Amerthronging, the confusion. I was seen. The steamer hove to. A boat was

let down, and in a short time came in hail. I pointed to the other side of the island.

Back again I went-rejoicingpraying-singing with joy and grati-

I was saved! A jump into the sea, and I was caught and taken into the boat and to

he steamer. I am a saved man-and an artificial oot which I now am compelled to use ever reminds me of my fearful adventure.

Grandpa's Watch. head, and tin pans to the cat's tail.

by the roots; the old rose plucked.

away its lofty summit seemed to touch before her marriage, and venerated put me to bed. When a girl takes out we can't whip the boy.'

> 'No,' said Pa. 'Some other means must be devised. 'Shut him in a closet,' said grandpa.

'Oh!' cried ma. Then acquieseing -I suppose it must be done, poor

Now a sound whipping would have done the child good. But Tom was a cake, but Ldon't see any fun in getting superstitious child, and dreaded the married, especially to a girl. Alas! to me there was no time for dark most wofully. The ghost he had admiration or wonder. All this I took always expected to see come to him in at a giance. I quickly returned to probably in that murky closet, for at the end of an hour he was taken out I was chilled through. Fortunately in a fit, caused by his terror. It was I had slept that night with my clothes a terrible time for that little houseon, or it would have been worse for hold. Tom was put to bed and a

Grandfather Orchard shut himself up in his room and wept, and his and beat them, and at the same time daughter almost hated him. For his ran up and down, stamping my feet. sake she had punished Tom, and this

Alas! worse was to come. The lit-It was certain to have happened some I began to think now with greater time, the doctor said. The child could not have lived to grow up, he was dying.

In a week he was dead, and the was upon the vast expanse. Yet on mother and father in their self-reproach one side I could not see. It was hid- heaped doubld reproaches on the old man, who bore them all in silence.

All the reproaches were of no avail. however. The little creature lay in his coffin, and Grandfather Orchard was to leave his daughter's home on

It was midnight. The mother sat will distract my thoughts, which here alone in the room, with her dead child. It was not very light and the curtains of the window dropped over her. To one entering, the room would have seemed empty. Some one did enter, on tip-toe. The weeping woman did Buoyed up by the dear hope of life, I look. It was her father. His face was wet with tears. In his hand he carried something, glittering in the feeble rays of the lamp on the mantle.

'Grandpa's Tommy!' he monned. with his feeble old voice. 'Oh, my pretty child! My pretty, murdered On! on! Nearer! nearer! And child! I'll be the next-I'll be the next, I hope! But I never thought There, at last, I stand at the foot of a to see this sight.'

He bent over the coffin.

Then he seemed to move the little form-to be busy about it, somehow, The mother stepped forward, and

looked, unseen, The old man had lifted up the head of the dead child, and beneath the little lace-trimmed pillow was hiding away his watch. The watch now in form of an ocean steamer, slowly order again, as before the child's fingers had been busy with it. The only thing of value the poor old man pos-

sessed. The mother saw, and was softened. She came closer to the old man, and called him by his familiar name :

'Father-dear father !' Then she laid upon his breast, weeping, and the two were reconciled.

But she made no effort to prevent the accomplishment of the old man's wish, and the watch, which had been the cause of the child's death, if any earthly thing were actually the cause of it, was buried with him.

A Very Small Boy's Composition-Subject, "Girls." I don't like girls. Girls is different

from what boys is. Girls don't play marbles, and also don't play hookey. Mischief was in little Tom's eye .- I played hookey once, and got whip-Mischief in his hand; wherever he ped for it. Girls sometimes gets went something happened. The cream whipped, but not so much as boys; was spilt in the pantry the jelly jars their clothes ain't so well suited for overset. Mamma's vases broken; it; that is the reason, I suppose. I grandpa's caps tied upon old Carlo's never sees girls play base ball, but they say they do in Boston. There The prettiest flowers were torn up is plenty of girls in Boston and big organs. Last year, when I was young, The morning's paper made into a the teacher made me set with the girls kite, and valuables generally demolish- because I was naughty. I cried. Big ed or ruined. Yet Tom was the pet boys like girls better than little boys. of the house, and was never scolded I went on a sleighride one night, with long for his worst tricks and capers. sister Nancy and Tom Sykes. We If he had been, perhaps that which were going to New Hartford, and came to pass at last would never have when we got up by Pegg's tavern, Tom occurred. Perhaps old Grandpa Or- asked me to look in the bottom of the chard, going into his room one day, sleigh for his whip; while I was lookwould not have found his wonderful ing he fired off a torpedo. I asked watch-costly, elegant, and precious him if he had any more torpedoes, and as a keepsake-being neatly picked to he said no, but he fired off another pieces by master Tom. That was too when I wasn't looking. Girls don't the afternoon, my dear Mrs. Slow .could see but little with distinctness. mense distance. Its edge ought to be much to bear. Tom's ears were boxed like to have men kiss them; they al- We are going to have tableaux to-Yet a strange feeling of intinse cold called a coast, so extraordinary was to begin with, and grandpa declared ways say 'don't.' If they wasn't fools night, and I am sure you will enjoy made itself evident even then to my its extent. On the other hand, be- that whatever happened, Tom must be they would turn their heads the other them.' Law sakes, I thought I smelf way, but they never do that. I saw something good cookin', and I guess ! Not all at once or abruptly, but by a I suppose he must, sobbed Tom's Tom kiss Nancy once, and I went and will stop until after support.

ADVERTISING RATES.

one iwo threifour three mes ar

Car Terms, CASH, payable quarterly.

told my mother. Then my mother her nose, the young men who earn a living by standing in front of the Pine block always wipe their noses at the same time if they see her. Girls get

married sometimes, but not always .-

Those that don't get married don't

want to. When they get married they

have a wedding cake. I like wedding

Caught in his Own Trap. Joe Phillips was an awful story-teller. When a stranger cafee to his tavern, if he appeared at all eredulous, old Joe would talk a long yarn to some of his village acquaintance, but talk at the stranger. A short time since, a stranger came into his barroom with rod, line, and other fishing paraphernalia, when Joe seized a friend, and startled him by the ques-

Did you hear about that big fsh Colonel P-caught to-day, in the

Stranger pricked up his ears.

'No,' said friend. Biggest sturgeon ever caught any where,' continued Joe.

'You don't say !' said friend. 'Yes,' said Joe, 'when I came away e hadn't caught all of him, though ie had about six feet of him ashore!" 'Gracious!' said friend; 'how muell

lid he weigh ? 'Three hundred pounds,' said Joe, with decision. 'And he made nine barrels of oil !

'Nine barrels of oil? inquired the stranger, advancing; 'did you say nine barrels? 'Yes,' said Joe, fiercely, 'I said nine

barrels; is that anything strange; 'O no, beg pardon,' said stranger; musingly, only I was thinking it a little singular that you could extract wenty-seven hundred pounds of oil from three hundred of fish!' and gathering up his fishing utensils, left. Jod

hasn't told a story since. Awful Sleepy. 'Clerk,' said a tall Kentuckian to a

hotel-official, 'this young woman and

me have eloped. Have ye any marryn' facilities around here!" The clerk replied in the affirmative. and the two were 'spliced' in less than an hour. The bride-groom was evidently not yet satisfied, and lingered

'Clerk,' said he, confidentially, at length, 'hadu't you better change the register, and give us one room, now we're married ?" 'It's already done,' replied the clerk,

you'r both marked for the same room.

around the hotel-book

'Well, clerk,' replied the Kentuckian, quickly, 'won't you just show me up, then, for I'm awful sleepy!" The New Orleans Picayune's local. editor relates the following touching incident: In the Police Court an old veteran was arraigned for sleeping in the square. He had frequently been found before in the same condition, and remonstrances seemed to have no effeet in inducing him to abandon the practice. The Court, therefore, de-

termined to deal rigidly with him, and to this end inquired why he persisted in this course.

Because I have nowhere else to 'Can't you come to the station?"

Why ! I find to much bad company there.' 'You mean the prisoners ?" 'No, sir.'

'I don't like to.'

Who then?

a desert.

The other people who come there. They insult me.' How ? They want to make a policeman

ut of me. 'Madam, said a cross tempered physician to a patient, 'if women were admitted to Paradice, their tongues would make it purgatory.' 'And some physicians, if allowed to practice there,1 replied the lady, would soon make it

Take off your bonnet and spent